



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

selves. Receive only consular agents, and accord them the jurisdiction and privileges that they possess elsewhere.

“ Amend your constitution ; do not grant naturalization so easily ; your population will grow less rapidly, but it will be more healthy : reform and simplify your jurisprudence.

“ Renounce conquests even in opinion ; you are already too extensive. Prepare yourselves for an inevitable separation, that it may take place without commotion. Be in fine, what you ought to be, an insulated people, enjoying the benefits of nature under a liberal constitution, you will be happy and history will not speak of you.”

If it had not have been for the pretty pastoral termination of this passage, the whole of it might have been comprised in one sentence ; be Chinese. To attain this blessing of pure democracy, we are to wave all the advantages of our situation ; we are to abandon all the resources which are derived from the accumulation of wealth, for the diffusion of learning, of civilization and refinement ; we are to renounce the ocean, all communication with the rest of the world, and all desire of fame, “ that history may not speak of us ;” we are to eat black broth, pass our time in naked gymnastick exercises, in oppressing, and from time, murdering Helots ; in one word, we are to give up all the benefits which in the progress of the last three centuries, have accrued to the world, and to move in a retrograde step as fast as possible, to a state of society such as it was, when it first emerged from barbarism—Enough of this ; the destiny of the United States is and must be different ; our motto is, *Forward*.

*A narrative of the events which have taken place in France from the landing of Napoleon Buonaparte, on the first of March, 1815, till the restoration of Louis XVIII. with an account of the present state of Society and public opinion. By Helen Maria Williams, 12mo. p. p. 247. Philadelphia. M. Thomas.*

The world is almost as much tired of hearing of Buonaparte, as that Athenian was of Aristides, who wanted to vote for his ostracism, though not precisely for the same

reason. It would be too great a libel on mankind to suppose, that the general opinion respecting him could be doubtful; though we are occasionally startled at hearing a sullen murmur of regret at his fall, emanating from some obscure corner, which puts us on our guard for a moment, till we have passed by safely. We have had books and anecdotes of him innumerable, and yet these involve so many contradictions and inconsistencies, that it is impossible to form a satisfactory idea of his whole character. One fact is certain, that, having it in his power to add more to the happiness of men, he has accumulated more calamities upon them, than any individual of modern times.

Among the publications on this subject, the work of Miss Williams, as might be supposed from her talent of writing, and advantage of long residence in Paris, is not the least interesting. It is in the form of letters addressed to a friend, and the first one contains an apology for her previous admiration of her hero. Perhaps she would have been more discreet in avoiding all allusion to herself; since however she has not, we shall extract one paragraph from her justification for the amusement of our readers. They will recollect that Miss Williams is out of her *teen's*, that she has, from no very recent period, been entitled to what the French call *un brevet de dame*; and yet she gravely gives as a reason for liking Napoleon, that he was fond of Ossian!

“Allow me to observe also, *en passant*, that I had been assured he was an enthusiastick admirer of Ossian; and when I found that he united to a noble simplicity of character, and a generous disdain of applause, a veneration for Ossian, this circumstance filled up the measure of my admiration. I did not then know that Buonaparte valued Ossian only for his descriptions of battles, like the surgeon who praised Homer only for his skill in anatomy.”

We shall commence our extracts from this work, with the author's account of the Duchess of Angoulême. This Princess is the soul of the ultra royalists, the party that is now paramount in France. It is to be feared that her notions of both government and religion are neither of them suited to the intelligence and habits of the present day, and that the violence of this party may prepare a fatal reaction, whenever the foreign forces are withdrawn. She seems, however, at Bordeaux to have conducted with promptitude and energy

worthy of her rank, and worthy of her relation, the great Maria Teresa.

“The Duchess of Angoulême had not been spared by the Buonapartists, amidst the censures heaped upon her family. One of the heaviest charges brought against her, was the habitual melancholy of her disposition ; she was found guilty of having no French gayety in her character. The Parisians remembered not that this princess, at an age when the heart is already susceptible of deep, and lasting impressions, had seen her whole family perish, and had herself been led from the gloomy tower of her prison, into an exile which had lasted twenty years ; that on returning to the palace of her fathers, it was natural that some melancholy reflections should darken for her the triumphal pomp, and mingle themselves with the exultation of her joy. But sadness was not the sole offence of the Duchess of Angoulême ; her extreme piety was declared to be fitter for a monastery than a court ; and in the caricatures of the royal family which filled the print-shops after their departure, she was always placed on her knees before a prie-dieu, as if incapable of all other occupations. But no less was the confusion of her adversaries, than the triumph of her adherents, when it was announced in Paris, that this princess, with that energy which, in a superiour mind, is called forth by extraordinary situations, had risen from her knees, and invoking in her heart the aid of heaven, had mounted on horseback, rid every day through the ranks, and displayed a courage worthy of heroick times. When Buonaparte sent a considerable detachment to march against her, she ordered a general to conduct her to the Chateau de la Trompette. The general hesitated, assuring her that she would be in danger. ‘I do not ask you, sir,’ said she, ‘if there would be danger, I only order you to conduct me.’ She rode up to a circle of officers on the esplanade, whom she harangued, exhorting them to fidelity, and the renewal of their oaths of allegiance in presence of the enemy. Observing their coldness, and hesitation, she exclaimed, ‘I see your fears, you are cowards ; I absolve you from your oaths already taken !’ and turning her horse, she left them, and immediately embarked on board an English frigate. The inhabitants of Bordeaux followed her to the sea shore, with fond enthusiasm, with lamentations, and tears. Every one wished to possess something that had

belonged to her, something for 'thoughts and remembrances;' something that might be guarded with the same devotion as the votive offering of a saint, or the relic of a martyr. She gave her shawl, her gloves, the feathers of her hat, which were cut into shreds, and distributed among her followers."

The very name of Cossack was a source of terrou to the people of France; the troops under this general name were as various in their character, as distinct in their tribes. Some of them were as regular and well disciplined as any other cavalry; others were extremely lawless and irregular, and, like the elephants employed in the armies of the East, were sometimes equally mischievous to friends and foes. Many enormities were charged to the account of the Cossacks, of which they were innocent. The author narrates an instance of this kind, which is followed by an anecdote of Kosciusko, one of the most interesting that can be found among all the events of that period. This illustrious Pole will rank in history as one of the finest characters of this eventful age; and it is impossible, not to feel a strong sympathy for him, though we can feel but little for the wretched government, which it was his object to restore. His patriotism was pure, but the situation of Poland was hopeless and irretrievable. He was deficient in political sagacity either in regard to men or measures; but he united to a modesty which may be called excessive, a taste for and some proficiency in the fine arts, a love of liberty almost romantick, great military talents, heroick courage, incorruptible integrity, and striking simplicity of manners.

"The Corps Francs were organised bands of volunteers, hired by some chief, commissioned by the police. They had been instituted in the last campaign to protect the rural communes of the departments round Paris from pillage by the scattered Russian Cossacks. The daily papers were filled with doleful accounts of depredation and violence committed by these northern barbarians. All the horrors of war were poured on the inhabitants, and files of municipal certificates were published, with the intention of rousing the citizens of Paris to resistance, lest such also should be their fate.

"This part of the business was ill-managed, for it was proved that no Russian Cossacks had entered these depart-

ments; and that all these horrors had been committed by the volunteers of the Corps Francs, or, as they were called, the Cossacks of the Fauxbourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, who had assumed the costume of the Russian Cossacks. In a village on the Marne, near Meaux, in the direction of which the allied armies were expected, a Russian general, Rusky Musky, or by some such name was he called, had given orders to his little advanced army of Cossacks to levy contributions, and to take with them the furniture of the houses in which he had fixed his quarters. Intelligence of this was conveyed to the proprietor of a villa, and who was a colonel stationed with his regiment of regular troops at Meaux. He advanced privately to reconnoitre the enemy; he admired the dexterity with which he saw his property packed up and placed on Russian conveyances. He brought up his regiment, surrounded his house, and made General Rusky Musky and all his troops prisoners of war. Soon after, each man of this little Russian army, was strung up by the neck on the trees which formed the avenue leading to his house. The general was convicted of being the upholsterer in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, who had furnished the house the preceding year, and his army was composed of the workmen of that quarter of Paris.

“Such were part of the measures then taken by Buonaparte’s police, to excite the country and Paris to useless resistance against the invading armies. The Cossacks of the north were less dreaded than the Cossacks of Paris. The former, though authorized plunderers, were often found capable of lenient measures, and sometimes even of sentiment, a proof of which took place in the environs of Fontainebleau, with which I shall close this rambling letter.

“A Polish regiment, forming part of the advanced guard of the Russian army, after expelling the French from Troyes, marched upon Fontainebleau. The troops were foraging in a neighbouring village, and were about to commit disorders, which would have caused considerable loss to the proprietors, without benefit to themselves; such as piercing the banks, or forcing the sluices of some fish ponds. While they were thus employed, and their officers looking on, they were astonished to hear the word of command bidding them to cease, pronounced in their own language, by a person in the dress of the upper class of peasants. They ceased

their attempt at further spoliation, and drew near the stranger. He represented to the troops the useless mischief they were about to commit, and ordered them to withdraw. The officers coming up, were lectured in their turn; and heard with the same astonishment the laws of predatory warfare explained to them. "When I had a command in the army, of which your regiment is a part, I punished very severely such acts as you seem to authorize by your presence; and it is not on those soldiers but on you that punishment would have fallen." To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost past endurance. They beheld the peasants at the same time taking off their hats, and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him in case of violence; while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Conjured more peremptorily, though respectfully, to disclose his quality and his name, the peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed, with an half stifled voice, 'I am Kosciusko!'

"The movement was electric. The soldiers threw down their arms, and falling prostrate on the ground, according to the custom of their country, covered their heads with sand. It was the prostration of the heart. On Kosciusko's return to his house in the neighbourhood of this scene, he found a Russian military post established to protect it.

"The Emperour Alexander, having learnt from M. de la Harpe, that Kosciusko resided in the country, ordered for him a guard of honour, and the country around his dwelling escaped all plunder and contribution.

"Kosciusko had withdrawn some years since from the guilty world of Buonaparte to cultivate a little farm, rejecting every offer which was made him by Napoleon, who had learnt to appreciate his worth. Kosciusko knew him well. I called on him one day to bid him farewell, having read in the official paper of the morning his address to the Poles on the subject of recovering their freedom, being named to the command of the Polish army by Buonaparte. Kosciusko heard me with a smile at my credulity; but on my shewing him the address with his signature, he exclaimed, 'This is all a forgery; Buonaparte knew me too well to insult me

with any offer in this predatory expedition ; he has adopted this mode, which I can neither answer nor resent, and which he attempts to colour with the pretext of liberty. His notions and mine respecting Poland, are at as great a distance as our sentiments on every other subject.”

Among the gigantick projects attributed to Buonaparte, was one respecting which the world have only had some vague hints, and which Miss Williams gives only a confused account of ; this was a change or reform of religion, which should give his character the additional influence and renown of a great prophet or reformer. A reformation of religion without infringing its vital doctrines, an adaptation of the Catholick faith to the present state of society, would certainly have been as practicable and as useful, as the attempt of the present government to recur to the ancient customs and abuses, which having been laid open in all their deformity by the joint efforts of wit and reason for fifty years, and discontinued and abandoned for half that period, can never be renewed, unless society is first degraded to that ignorance and barbarism in which they originated. We are glad to insert the anecdote respecting the funeral of a protestant, as some offset for the occurrences at the funeral of Madmoiselle Rancour, of which something was said in a former number ; but the persecution of the protestants in the South, why was it suffered, or why was it not avenged ? —If the ultra royalists had nothing to fear but the protestants of France, they perhaps might exterminate them with impunity ; but their conduct forms part of a system which the present state of the world will not endure : and future calamities and horrors will bring conviction to those, on whom the experience of the past has been lavished in vain.

“ It has been said by the moralist, ‘ never be such a fool as to be a knave ;’ but the policy of Napoleon soared far beyond the trite and vulgar maxims of moral conduct. His principles respecting government, and his own actions, whether publick or private, were regulated by no other views than those of his own immediate interests. He had chosen Machiavel for his guide, and applied the politicks, maxims, and practices of the Italian states, to our own enlightened times, and to France, which having subdued, he attempted to make his instrument of the subjection of Europe.



“His previous studies had led him to believe that not only the territory of France was his property, but its inhabitants also ; he spoke often, with the triumph of a wealthy prodigal, of his ability of spending twenty and thirty thousand men each month ; and made no more account of this sort of expenditure, than of the millions of gold and silver which he exacted and lavished. His most ardent ambition was that of living in history, provided that it was not such a writer as Tacitus who should convey his name to posterity, and for whom he affected the most profound contempt. In a discussion with the historick class of the Institute, he asserted that Tacitus was the most partial, misinformed, and ill-advised of all historians ; and that he had libelled a model of wisdom among the Roman emperours, Tiberius, of whose policy in government he had not the sagacity to form a just opinion. The Institute was compelled to leave Tacitus to defend himself, and Tiberius to the honours of his new reputation.

“Buonaparte had signalized himself as a warrior, but he did not too highly deem of descending to posterity with military fame alone. He had observed that nothing of the most celebrated destroyers of mankind, called warriors, exists but their names ; while its great institutors are not merely held in remembrance, but continue to live in their disciples ;—all that remained of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Charles XII. was their names ; but the laws instituted more than four thousand years since by Moses, were yet obeyed throughout the world, by the numerous and disseminated posterity of his race ;—that Zoroaster and Mahomet had subdued, by their principles, a great portion of the earth, and that their names are still invoked with veneration by innumerable followers ; while the heroes of Greece and Rome fade on the memory ; that, in modern times, Luther and Calvin had given their names to the most enlightened portion of the people of Europe ; and that he also, Napoleon the Great, by seizing some favourable epocha for a new kind of warfare against all that he called superstition, might become the founder of some other system of faith, and assume the honours of a teacher or a prophet. Buonaparte had not only meditated on this subject, but had made reformation the secret order of the day, in a committee of his council of state. Without having plunged deeply into religious controversy,

or having probably carried his studies beyond the lucubrations of modern infidelity, he had the sagacity to discern that the prevalent religion of his empire held little relation with the primitive doctrines of Christianity, and that the state of knowledge in France was such that reformation would be welcomed. Orders were given to the literary police to permit the publication of all works against popery ; and coercive measures were in meditation against the person of the Pope, who had resisted his anti-canonical measures respecting the institution of bishops. This was a power which interfered too much with his own, and he wished to annex the title of Head of the Church to that of Emperour of the French.

“ Buonaparte had distinguished himself at all times for his principles of toleration, which benefitted only the dissenters from the Catholick church. These were favoured ; while the episcopal chiefs of the church avoided any open hostilities, only by becoming the instruments of his edicts of conscription, or flatterers of his power. Their charges, or *mandemens*, to the clergy and people of their dioceses, were filled with scriptural allusions to Cyrus ; and one bishop so far forgot his allegiance to the Pope, as to name Buonaparte the representative of God on earth. The clergy of inferiour rank, whose salaries were by no means adequate to their services, or who had clearer views of Buonaparte’s ultimate designs, were unwilling to compliment away their faith, and made scriptural allusions, in their turn, in answer to the *mandemens* of their bishops.

“ History teaches us that arbitrary power and the sword are not always unfitted to promote a reform of ancient errors. Mahomet proposed the great doctrine of the Unity of the Divine Being, and purified the Christian, and what yet remained of the heathen world, of its polytheistick and idolatrous abuses ; and Henry VIII. shook off with violence the chains of the papal government. Of these two creeds, a warlike nation of the east, the Mahometan Wechabites, appear to have undertaken a further reform. The papal superstition would not, perhaps, have survived Buonaparte’s examination. He had found too many points of opposition in the tenets of this church to fashion it to his rule of government, and bring it within the pale of his system of unity. He had, indeed, observed in Egypt the policy of ancient

Rome in adopting the religion of the conquered country. 'Glory to Allah!' says he to the chief priests of Cairo. 'There is no other God, but God; Mahomet is his prophet, and I am his friend. The divine Koran is the delight of my soul, and the object of my meditation.' A discussion which he held with those eastern doctors led to some doubts respecting the strength of faith in their proselyte. Buonaparte would not admit that the magnetical needle, the invention of gunpowder, the art of printing, or the Newtonian system of the universe, were to be found in the Koran. But whatever might be the doctrines which Buonaparte would have instituted, and for the belief of which all latitude would have been given, the discipline of his church would no doubt have been military. He had already rendered the instruction at the Lyceums, and even private schools, as soldier-like as the nature of the lessons permitted, and every movement was ordered by beat of drum. A right reverend bench of generals, well organized staffs of deans and vicars, and a handsomely drilled clergy, with their acolytes, would, in his estimation, have given energy to the church-militant. As a sedentary guard, or militia, they would have replaced the regular troops stationed in the interior, and with which he could have augmented his ranks for foreign service. The teachers of virtue might thus have become the quellers of sedition, and their eloquent discourses against immorality be accompanied, if necessary, by the stronger arguments of military persuasion. As his system had been that of fusion in his secular concerns, so he would have followed the same rule in his ecclesiastical administration, and this he would have called toleration. He had not been able, however, to bring the Pope, when in Paris, into union with the president of the Protestant church, M. Marron, whom he usually addressed at court by the title of 'Monsieur le Pape Protestant.' Pius VII. declared, with some pleasantry, that he had no hopes 'de tirer le *Maron* du feu.' But Napoleon effected what was no less difficult, that of engaging the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and the Protestant president, to join in the same religious ceremony, in the presence of the empress and part of the court. It was the celebration of the marriage of a Catholick and a Protestant person of the court; and the man being a Protestant, the Protestant president in right of the husband's prerogative, took a lead in

the ceremony, and was seated in the place of honour, at the right hand of the empress, at the nuptial banquet, and the cardinal was placed on the left.

“It is soothing to observe that toleration in France is not confined to courts, much less did it belong exclusively to his reign, who, in his complete indifference for all religion, was a Mussulman at Cairo, and a Catholick at Paris. Louis XVIII. while he adheres with steadfast attachment to that religion in which he so long found the solace of his misfortunes, and of which the consolations blunt the thorns that surround his diadem, Louis XVIII. has never violated the sacred principle of toleration. In testimony of the truth of this assertion, I shall mention the circumstances which took place last winter, at an interment some leagues distant from Paris, and at which the president of the Protestant church was invited to officiate. The defunct was a titled English Protestant. The bishop of the Diocese had ordered, that all due honours should be rendered to the piety and good works of the deceased. The funeral sermon was preached by the Protestant president, in the pulpit of a Catholick church, to a numerous Catholick auditory, the Catholick clergy attending the service. The corpse was laid in the tomb with mingled rites ; the lighted tapers, and the Catholick dirge, the prayers of the Genevan church, and the tears of the mourning peasantry. You have heard of the object of this blended ceremonial. She was an English lady of some renown about the middle of the last century. Her misfortunes, and her errours, (for which the tears that were shed by the poor over her grave are a proof she had atoned,) have been recorded by the celebrated Junius, under the name of Miss Ann, or Nancy Parsons.

“Buonaparte was well read in the history of the doubtful authority and genealogy of the papal doctrine ; and a counsellor of state, whom he had entrusted with the project, told me that the emperour was persuaded, that the Doctors of the Gallican church would be flexible enough\* to swell the

“\*The decrees which he enforced with the most unrelenting severity were those of the conscription. Strict obedience to this murderous mandate was enjoined in the pastoral letters of bishops to their dioceses. A certain archbishop enforced his argument in favour of this depopulating decree, by asserting that Jesus Christ had submitted himself to the conscription. It was thus that the Reverend Father in God translated, by the word conscription, the inscription, or taxation, which

number of their four articles of dissent from papal pretension. Having found that the Pope had become less complaisant than when he was his guest at the Tuilleries, he began the execution of his design by putting the Holy Father in durance, and constituting him prisoner in one of the French departments. The intervention of some pressing business, either the projected invasion of England, or a predatory expedition on the continent, and which required his presence, interrupted the plan of being the instructor of mankind, and he reassumed his ordinary occupation of being its scourge."

The description of Paris when the allies were about to enter, is so characteristick of the manners of that capital, that we cannot forbear extracting it.

"While these formidable armies were in contest without the walls, for the possession of Paris, various were the alarms and terrours which agitated its inhabitants. At length, however, the report was generally circulated, that the allies were about to turn the siege into a blockade; that we had nothing to fear from pillage; and that we should only be starved. The arrival, however, of the accustomed provisions the next day, through the midst of the enemy's camp, led the Parisians to apply to Wellington, the well known trait of Henry the Fourth, when he besieged Paris.

"On the 1st July the scene on the Boulevard was quite changed since that of yesterday. The Parisians expected that the enemy would have entered on the first attack, and they were tired of the delay. They had heard the cannon at intervals during twenty-four hours; yesterday this was a novelty; but to-day they felt as if accustomed to be besieged, and returned to their usual avocations and pleasures. Yesterday the theatres were shut, which was indeed a striking signal of distress in Paris; to-day, though the great theatres were closed, the 'Thievish Magpie' resumed his triumph at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin; and that of La Gaieté prepared for the publick amusement the bom-

took place by order of Augustus when Cyrenius was Governour of Syria, and 'when Joseph went up to Bethlehem, with Mary, to be taxed, being great with child.' This prelate's zeal for his majesty's service would have enlarged the conscription to females, and infants yet unborn, while the French emperor's mandate went no farther than the male sex, and those at the age of eighteen, when they were inhumanly called, 'chair à canon'—'food for powder.'"

bardment of Algiers, a melo-drame fitted to fill up the interval of the great melo-drame of national events. The barriers of Paris were prudently shut, and the field of battle without the walls was occupied only by military. Had not the Parisian women been refused egress, curiosity might perhaps have got the better of fear; they would have risked a wound, in the hope that it would not disfigure their faces; and the plains of St. Denis might have been strewed, not only with wrecks of cabriolets, and pleasure-carts, but with hats, caps, and other articles of millinery baggage.

“In the evening the Italian Boulevard was crowded, as usual, with the gay tribes, who, seated on double rows of chairs, with an interval for the walkers, pass the latter part of their summer evenings, inhaling the dust in good company. This evening the walk, as usual, had its itinerant band of musick, its ices in the adjoining cafés, and all its accustomed attractions.

“It may be observed, that the Italian Boulevard, so long the haunt of the fashionable world of Paris, has undergone various changes of name during the course of the Revolution. In the first years of that event, this Boulevard was denominated, or was rather stigmatized, by the appellation of Coblenz, on account of its being frequented by that class of society of which a great part had emigrated to that place. On the departure of Louis the Eighteenth, and the return of Buonaparte, Coblenz was subdivided into the Boulevard de Gand, (Ghent,) and the Boulevard de l’île d’Elbe. The former is, at the moment I am writing, brilliant with a thousand wreathes of fresh-blown lilies twined round every hat, while the latter, that of Elba, is abandoned to the faction of the scarlet pink and the violet. But to return to the evening of the first of July.—The amusements of the Boulevard were occasionally varied by the march of troops, the beating to arms, the swift pace of couriers, the sound of cannon at intervals; and sometimes all gayety was suspended by the sad spectacle of the wounded victims of those skirmishes, writhing in agony and covered with blood. I heard one young officer, who was borne along on planks by four of his men, and who was mortally wounded, exclaim as he passed, ‘Achevez-moi, mes amis, achevez-moi—vous voyez que je meurs—vive la patrie!’ ‘Finish me, my friends, put an end to my sufferings; yes, I see I must die;

heaven preserve my country !' It may be supposed that in the heat of battle, such an affecting appeal, and such a noble exclamation might pass unnoticed ; but here, at home, amidst his countrymen, and even women, to find no sympathy, not 'as much pity as would fill the eye of a wren ;' no tender tear from any female spectator—no interest but that of simple curiosity. Oh ! how the spirit of party shuts up every avenue to the heart ; how it blunts every better feeling, how it renders us cruel, and almost wicked !"

The author's remarks on the indiscretion of foreigners in praising Buonaparte are well founded ; and many a stranger has blundered in this way, by thinking to compliment Frenchmen in flattering Napoleon. Whenever he was attacked, they would defend him from a personal feeling that it was an attack on their nation. But we never yet met with a Frenchman during the power of Napoleon, who could hear him praised without dissenting from it, if he thought he was safe in conversing upon it.

"But if the surrender of Paris wounded the feelings of national pride, no real patriot had wished to see the city defended. A vain and hopeless defence had been deprecated by all, except by the enraged Fédérés of the Fauxbourgs, who sought for a share in spoil and pillage ; and, I must add also, by a few strangers who had nothing to risk, or to lose. One of these, a celebrated historian, was descanting, in a society of the great and the opulent, upon the duty of resistance, and the ignominy of surrender ; when a friend of mine observed, 'on voit que Monsieur n'a rien à Paris que son écritoire.'—'It appears that this gentleman has nothing at Paris but his ink-horn.' We have, indeed, too often had occasion to observe, that strangers seem to arrive in France, as they would go to a melo-drame, prepared for extraordinary events, and where the deeper the tragedy the better they are entertained.

"It is difficult to imagine any thing more calculated to irritate those who suffer, than to observe curiosity substituted for sympathy by those around them, unless it be to hear the author of these calamities extolled in the presence of his victims. Nothing surprised the French more, during the reign of Napoleon, than to hear the declamations of some English visitors in his favour. Those strangers could scarcely guess what an effect such panegyrick produced on

a Parisian circle, necessarily composed, in part at least, of persons who had suffered from imperial tyranny. It required the whole stock of French courtesy to suppress, on these occasions, the feelings of resentment, and which were the more difficult to stifle from the novelty of the provocation. It must be observed that for some years past no person in France ever praised the emperor, except in speeches to the throne. No minister, senator, or counsellor of state, would have ventured to outrage the feelings of society by saying one word in his favour in a private *salon*. These personages talked of Napoleon, with quite as little ceremony as others, among their friends; in mixed company they were silent on this subject, which was considered as an etiquette belonging to their places, and was therefore admitted; but it was well understood that no attempt would be made to speak in his defence. Judge then how the French were astounded, when they heard some distinguished Englishmen extolling Napoleon the Great, which they did in the French language, but sometimes in English phraseology; and the Parisians, who like better to laugh than to be angry, occasionally avenged themselves by citing pleasantly, in different companies, these neologisms in their English idiom. How, indeed, forbear a sickly smile when we hear newly-arrived strangers, after rolling lightly along the high road in their travelling carriages, having lolled in a box at the Opera, walked through the gallery of the Museum, and eat ices at Tortoni's, gravely assert, that there is no publick misery in France, and that all is well and prosperous. The French are the same people, in one respect, as in the days of Mazarin—they will bear every thing, but they *will* laugh. At the time of Napoleon's return from Moscow, after the first burst of their indignation had subsided, one of the amusements of society was inventing or imagining caricatures, which no one dared to trace, but which were described in company as if they really existed. I remember one represented the entry of the French army at Moscow. They were seen advancing towards the gate, which was thrown open, and where stood a Cossack to give them admission, as if it had been the door of a spectacle. The Cossack had a label on his breast, on which was written, 'Entrez, entrez, Messieurs—on ne payera qu'en sortant.'



The approaches towards a state of Asiatick despotism which the military tyranny of Buonaparte had made, and in which it must have terminated, if it had not been overthrown, were most conspicuous in the proscription of all freedom in literature, and the attempt to mutilate the French dramatick master-pieces. A collection of anecdotes on this subject would furnish much amusement. Miss Williams gives some account of this, and also of the venerable M. Ducis, who imitated and adapted some of the Tragedies of Shakspeare for the French stage, and which are frequently performed. They possess much merit, though the admirers of Shakspeare can hardly endure their comparison with the originals.

“Napoleon considered the police of his own newspapers as a matter of high importance. When he was in Paris, the official paper, before it was struck off, underwent his inspection, and in the course of the impression often received imperial corrections. He was himself a contributor; his style is very distinguishable, and some of his notes are extremely curious. He affected to protect science and letters. This protection was commonly extended to persons whose mediocrity stood in need of it; small men of letters, by whom it was repaid with interest. There were, indeed, also a few men of distinguished genius, whose approbation of his measures had led him to name them to eminent posts.\* Buonaparte had once been very intimately acquainted with M. Ducis, the present father of French poetry, and who has introduced Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, on the French stage. M. Ducis had approved Buonaparte while he thought him the friend of his country, but refused all further communion with him when he became its oppressor. The Muses in France have as little of the wisdom of this world as in other countries, and understand no better the art of being rich. Buonaparte knew that the fortune of M. Ducis was in ‘a poetical posture,’ and he offered him the place of senator, which includes a very considerable salary. Ducis rejected the place as being unfit for a poet. Buonaparte

\* He was, however, sometimes tired with excess of servility, and answered one of the literati, who recommended another, because he was of an ancient and noble family, by saying, peevishly, “Laissez-nous, au moins, la république des lettres!”—Leave us, at least, the republick of letters!

would have decorated him with the Legion of Honour ; again Ducis refused. Irritated at this obstinacy, the emperor meditated to avenge the insult, when he was pacified by some of M. Ducis's friends, who excused him on the score of his drooping age. I visited this virtuous old man, the last of the Romans, in his retreat. He was surrounded by his books, and did not appear to regret the wealth and honours he had rejected. He was presented, not long since, to the king, who addressed the poet in a citation from his own works.

“ The tragick talents of M. Ducis lead me to the recollection of an anecdote relating to the theatre.

“ Buonaparte had in the early time of his government expelled the turbulent tribunate, and reduced the legislature to a silent vote ; but there was still one authority in the state which his power was unable to control ; a faction which had hitherto mocked his efforts. This was the faction of the tragick poets, Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, &c. The people, amidst the suppression of their political institutions, and other violations of independence, could still repair to the theatre, and avenge themselves of Buonaparte in the persons of the Cæsars, the Neros, the Phocases, of the French stage. The people had in long tradition, for an hundred years past, applauded certain fine passages filled with horror of tyranny, or swelling sentiments of freedom ; but these passages were now waited for, and hailed with such excess of applause, such a transport of admiration, that the government felt itself insulted. The actors, who were not displeased at the popular enthusiasm, and who no doubt attributed to themselves some share of the applause, strove to earn it by acquitting themselves well of their respective parts, and played the tyrant and usurper most maliciously. It became indispensable to stop this outrage on imperial feelings. The representatives of past despots, and of captive princesses, were ordered to appear at the prefecture's of police, and were accused of acting the forbidden passages with more emphasis than usual. The accusation was a delicate matter, since it implied a certain consciousness that there was ‘ something rotten in the State of Denmark ;’ and one of the tragical queens haughtily answered, that she wondered how any one dared to hint at such guilty applications, and that she considered them as

treason against the emperor. The actors refuted the charge of saying more than was set down for them, by an appeal to the prompter's book. They were dismissed with orders to 'mouth it less,' and the poets were found to be the chiefs of the conspiracy. Their persons were beyond the reach of imperial resentment, but they did not escape punishment; being condemned to a revision of the most brilliant passages of their productions. This revision was confided to M. Esmenard, who had too much poetical taste and talent not to tremble at this sacrilegious commission. But the emperor insisted, and he was compelled to submit. He gave me a ludicrous account of his association and closetings with Buonaparte, in this murder of the classic poets. Many an important despatch was laid aside to weigh the value of an hemistich; and imperial rage against the present sovereigns of Europe was forgotten in contrivance to justify some Roman or Asiatick despot, who had fallen under the displeasure of Corneille.

"The publick sought in vain to recognize their old acquaintances;

"Qui, de simple soldat, à l'empire élevé,  
 "Ne l'a que par le crime acquis, et conservé;  
 "Et comme il n'a semé qu'épouvante, et qu'horreur,  
 "Il ne recueille enfin que trouble, et que terreur."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tyran, descends du trône, et fais place à ton maître!"

The publick deserted for a while the theatre, and waited the return of departed spirits."

The following anecdote has been told with slight variations, and appeared in some of our newspapers, but it contains an excellent moral; and will shew, except to those magnanimous minds who think all mankind should be trampled upon by some particular nation, that insolence and oppression may at last drive their victims to resistance and revenge.

"The Parisians themselves received occasional lessons from these invaders. An old countess, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, welcomed with politeness a Prussian officer who was quartered on her house. Invited to dinner at the usual time, he ordered that it might be ready at an earlier hour, having asked some brother-officers to dine with him; and throwing himself at the same time with his dirty boots

on one of the blue silk canopies. He went out, and returned alone. The dinner was served. He found the first course detestable, and threw the successive plates to which he was helped on the floor. Shewn to his apartments on the second story, he refused to occupy them, and ordered those of the first floor to be prepared for him, though told that they were inhabited by the mistress of the house. After committing a number of other extravagancies, such as smoking in the lady's *boudoir*, he took possession of her chamber. His servants, and dogs, having retired to the apartments prepared for their master, the lady of the house was obliged to accommodate herself with a room in the attick story. The next morning she was summoned to attend the officer, which she did with trembling, expecting to receive some new insult or humiliation. The countess was astonished at her reception. The Prussian led her gallantly to a seat, and placed himself beside her. 'You have no doubt, madam,' he said, 'been shocked at my behaviour in your house. I marked your astonishment at my insolence in spoiling your silk furniture, scattering fragments of your viands on the floor, smoking in your *boudoir*, turning you out of your apartments, and other extravagancies. You no doubt thought me a barbarian.' The countess did not seem disposed to deny the allegation. 'Madam, you have a son in Prussia?' She started, and her eyes filled with tears, 'I had a son, sir, but I fear he has perished.' 'Do you recognize this writing?' said the officer, shewing her the cover of a letter. 'Yes, sir, it is the last letter I wrote to my son, I have received no answer.' 'Madam, I am no barbarian; I have acted a part, and fulfilled a duty enforced on me by filial tenderness. I almost hate myself for having acted it so well. What I have made you suffer for these last few hours, your son inflicted on my palsied mother for several months. I will distress you no longer—your son is alive—In one of the last skirmishes he was wounded dangerously—I saved him from the fury of our soldiers—My mother provided for his safety—You will soon receive him to your arms. Adieu, madam, I quit your house; I have preserved your son, and I have avenged my mother.' "

Miss Williams has enlivened her work with many of the little sallies of wit, that were current in the salons of Paris. Among these are two sayings of M. de Boufflers, the most

brilliant wit of the age. His manner was ingenious, sparkling and peculiar. The Prince de Ligne made him his model, which he imitated rather servilely than successfully. He called Buonaparte "*le cochemare de l'univers*"—"the nightmare of the world"—He said he felt a particular fondness for certain friends, because *they had passed through the storm under the same umbrella*. She cites the observation of M. Gorani during the revolutionary horrors. "I knew the great, but I did not know the little." In speaking of the detention of the English travellers, which she thinks would not have happened a second time, she applies a sarcasm of La Fayette's to the people, who wanted to have the oath of the Federation repeated. "My friends, the oath is an arriette, that people do not play twice."

In speaking of the government desirable for France, she introduces the speech of an inhabitant of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, to a member of the Convention who was haranguing the people on liberty: "I should be very fond, citizen Representative, of a freedom that was free." After Napoleon's second abdication, when the farce of proclaiming Napoleon the second was in operation, some of the soldiers of the old guard understanding the business, and not willing to fight for they knew not whom, were met by their Colonel on the Boulevard, and reprimanded for deserting their post; they answered sternly, that they had too much honour to desert, "*but we have abdicated*." The army doubted of the truth of his having abdicated, considering it only a trick of state, and said they knew their Emperour too well to suppose he would resign; this, she says, was like the German some years before, who, on hearing a report of his death, observed with great seriousness, "Buonaparte dead! you know little of his character, he will take good care of that!"

There is another piece of simplicity of an honest citizen of one of the Fauxbourgs, which was repeated in the circles of Paris; seeing him on horseback after his return from Moscow, he said to a neighbour, "The Emperour is very well, he keeps a good countenance, not at all ashamed."

On a former occasion we alluded to a definition of the English Constitution by the Abbe Montesquieu, "that it was an oligarchy, balanced by the freedom of the press." Miss Williams gives a definition of Chamfort's, of the ancient government of France, that may serve for a parallel; that it

was "*an absolute monarchy tempered by songs.*" Songs in France were the substitute for the liberty of the press, and caricatures. It is an old maxim in France, that every thing finishes *par des chansons*. We shall conclude with one more anecdote. Military men had introduced a cant term of contempt for all who were not of their class, by calling them *Péquins*. This gave rise to the following neat retort—"I am sorry," said a Minister to Marshal L——, "that after having long waited for you, we are seated at table before you arrive." "I should have come earlier," replied the Marshal, "but I have been detained by some *péquins*." "*Pequins!*" exclaimed the company, "what are *péquins*?" "oh you know," rejoined the Marshal, "we call *péquins* all that is not military." "Yes," said the Minister, "just as we call every thing *military*, that is not *civil*."

*Discourses on various subjects, by Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles the First, and late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor—In three vols. 8vo. vol. 1. pp. 503.—Boston, published by Wells and Lilly, 1816.*

When the books of Topham Beauclerk were sold, some one exprest to Dr. Johnson his surprise, that so many volumes of sermons should be found in the library of a man, who had been distinguished by his gayety and libertinism. "It is by no means surprising, Sir," replied the great Moralist; "the productions of our English Divines form so large and so important a part of our literature, that every library must be considered defective, which does not contain a considerable portion of them."

The remark of the Doctor is unquestionably just, and from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the present age, there has followed, in continued succession, a series of English sermons, which have tended to improve and fix the language. In these we find discussed with the greatest ability, by men of the most powerful minds and profoundest learning, the knottiest points of Theology, Metaphysicks, and Ethicks, whilst they afford the richest mines of nervous and significant expressions. Lord Chatham is known to have studied the